

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

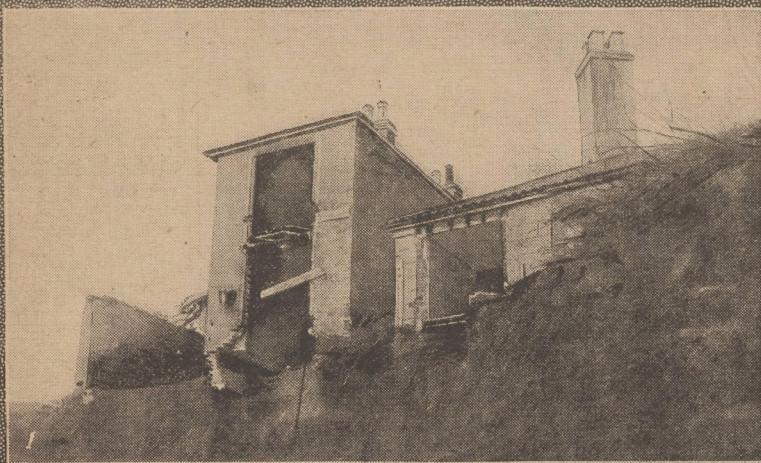
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One Halfpenny.

DISAPPEARING ENGLAND—SOUTHWOLD'S PLIGHT.



Within the last few days the sea has been making extraordinary inroads into the east coast, and notably at Southwold. Tremendous damage has already been caused, and many of the houses fronting the sea have collapsed. The photographs show—(1) York Cottage, at one time an inshore house; (2) the only portion of the centre cliff left; (3) view showing how the old defences are being swept away; and (4) men at work upon the new temporary defences.

ROYAL MATCH.



Prince Eitel Friederich of Prussia, second son of the Kaiser Wilhelm, whose engagement to—



—The Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg was announced yesterday.

SNUBBED MINISTER.



Lord Stanley, the Postmaster-General, whose invitation to view the laying of the foundation-stone of the new building by the King has been refused by Post Office employees.—(Elliott and Fry.)

THE KING'S NEPHEW MARRIED.

Remarkable Gathering at the
Royal Wedding.

KAISER PRESENT.

Crowd of Notabilities at the Quaint
Little Court.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ELLENBURG (Schleswig-Holstein), Wednesday.—At the picturesque castle of Glücksburg, on the Flensburg Fjord, King Edward's nephew, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was married to one of the most charming of the German princesses—Princess Victoria Adelaide of Sonderburg-Glücksburg, a niece of the German Emperor.

The little town—it is hardly more than a village—has been built up to it to accommodate the rush of royal and serenely high personages who came to see this, the greatest social event of the year in the German Empire. Glücksburg has no railway—only a steam tramway; its hotels are few and small; and the castle itself—built right into the water—is about as inadequate for receiving a great crowd of guests as could well be imagined.

MINIATURE COURT.

The Court of Glücksburg—it is one of those Courts Thackeray delighted in caricaturing—is not used to receiving many guests, and the question of accommodation must have troubled the bride's parents a good deal. Fortunately the two powerful guests—the Kaiser and his Empress—brought their house with them in the shape of the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, and thus saved one great difficulty. The Emperor brought also his two big Mercedes motor-cars, as well as a perfect battery of smaller cars.

The representative of King Edward was Prince Arthur of Connaught, who had just become Duke of Cornwall on the death of the late Duke, but preferred to remain an Englishman. He brought his favourite Dandy Dimout dog, Chummy, with him.

The civil ceremony was first celebrated at the Castle. Herr von Willich, Minister of State, prepared the contracts, and also was the orange of the royal bride and bridegroom. Then a procession was formed to the little Gothic chapel of the white-walled, turreted, old castle, where the religious ceremony was to take place.

OLD-FASHIONED BREAKFAST.

It was a pretty sight. The fair young bride was dressed in white silk and tulle. She headed the procession, walking between the Emperor William and her father, the Duke Frederick. The Kaiser's usually open features were positively wreathed in smiles. Then followed six bridesmaids. After them came the bridegroom, young and handsome, in his light blue and gold uniform of the German Hussars. He also wore the orange of the much-coveted Order of the Black Eagle—a distinction which had just been conferred on him by his liege lord and kinsman, the Kaiser. On either side were his mother, the Duchess of Albany, and the German Empress. Strikingly simple was the ceremony, despite the great array of crowned heads, princes, and nobles. The orange of the old-fashioned wedding breakfast was served in the castle in strict accord with old German customs.

The presents were, of course, wonderful. Those of King Edward and Queen Alexandra consisted of costly furniture and a parure of diamonds for the bride. The Prince and Princess of Wales sent a silver cup, and the Duchess of Albany gave a diamond parure.

The present from the Kaiser and Kaiserin was a porcelain dinner service.

REJOICINGS AT ALDERSHOT.

The wedding of the Duke was celebrated at Aldershot yesterday by the Seaforth Highlanders by a full-dress parade and trooping of the colours, the Duke being colonel-in-chief of the regiment.

The healths of the royal pair were toasted by all ranks at dinner, and a general holiday was granted. The regiment's present was a magnificent work in silver, representing a Scotsman defending his chief against the attack of a deer.

THE KING'S NEPHEW.

The Duke of Coburg is just over twenty-one years of age. He is the posthumous son of the late Duke of Albany, and therefore nephew to the King. At the death of Duke Alfred, better known as the Duke of Edinburgh, in 1890, the succession passed to the Duke of Connaught. He, however, renounced his rights and those of his son, and the dukedom therefore passed to the late Duke of Albany's heir, Prince Charles Edward, then a schoolboy at Eton. He was removed to Potsdam to complete his education.

WOFUL SWINDLER.

Gallay, the Absconding Bank Clerk,
in Tears.

HIS "ANGEL FRIEND."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Gallay, the absconding bank clerk, lost no time in trying to impress M. Bordeaux, the juge d'instruction entrusted with the case.

Scarcely had Gallay been brought into the magistrate's room than he flung himself on his knees and, joining his hands in supplication, burst into tears.

Between his sobs he besought M. Bordeaux to set his fellow-prisoners free. Mme. Merelli and maid, Marie Audot, he declared, were innocent.

Ah, if the magistrate only knew how his sweet companion had suffered. She was an angel whom he adored.

Would not M. Bordeaux be kind and relent. Lifting his hands again and again, and with his voice broken and hoarse with emotion, he declared that neither of them had the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong. They thought they were going on a pleasure cruise on the yacht. He was madly in love.

GALLAY'S RHAPSODY.

Pausing for a moment in his rhapsody, Gallay painted the virtues of his heroine with great vigour, but M. Bordeaux, cut him short by hinting that love, money, not love of Gallay, impelled the lady to leave her husband.

The maid, said the magistrate, might be released, but he did not for one moment think that such a favour would be extended to Mme. Merelli.

The magistrate's pointed remarks occasioned another flood of tears, followed by such energetic gesticulations that a drink of water had to be given Gallay to prevent him fainting with sheer exhaustion.

Hardly had he been pulled round than his father demanded to see him. The demand was granted by the magistrate, provided he himself was present. The father thereupon bounded into the room in a towering passion.

"You have disgraced us all," he shouted again and again, and another application of water was required for the emotional son, who was sent to the *Sante* Gaol.

M. Bordeaux has sent to Bahia the documents necessary for the remission of the captured booty, which comprises 500,000 francs in 1,000-franc bank notes, 81,000 francs in gold, and 130 francs in small change—over £23,000 in all—and several pieces of valuable jewellery.

BATTLE WITH THIEVES.

Hooligans Fired Upon While Wrecking a
Jeweller's Shop.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Pantin, just outside the city walls, was the scene of a tragic adventure last night.

Three hooligans, by name Emile Delas, Jules Delas, and Louis Pécate, had completely wrecked a jeweller's shop with lumps of road metal, when M. Prignon, the concierge, appeared on the scene.

He was armed with a sword-sic, and accompanied by two lodgers, one of whom carried a revolver, and the other an iron bar.

The ruffians showed symptoms of violent resistance when called upon to surrender, and M. Desbarre, the man who carried the revolver, fired five shots in rapid succession. The first pierced the heart of Emile Delas, who fell dead. His brother Jules received a bullet in the head, but the wound is not at present regarded as dangerous. Pécate took to his heels, but was followed and promptly arrested.

The body of Emile Delas has been sent to the morgue. The whole town is greatly excited, and it is felt that ruffianism of a kind which has been terribly prevalent in and about Paris for some time past has received a severe and salutary check.

ENGLISHMAN'S BRUTAL ASSAILANT.

LUCERNE, Wednesday.—The man who murderously assaulted and robbed Mr. Joseph Addison, a London solicitor, has been arrested and has made a full confession of his guilt. He is a quarryman.

EVERY BONE BROKEN.

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—A painter working in the interior of the Washington Monument, one of the loftiest pieces of masonry in the world, fell 270ft. and broke every bone in his body.

AGED CLIMBER'S FATAL FALL.

SCHWYZ, Wednesday.—M. Vinet, of Altendorf, an ex-magistrate, seventy-six years of age, slipped while climbing the Stügeren, in the Waeggital, Switzerland, and fell into the Aa Brook. He succumbed to his injuries.—Reuter.

PRINCE EITEL BETROTHED.

Kaiser's Popular Second Son To Marry
Duchess Sophie of Oldenburg.

Prince Eitel Frederick, the second son of the Kaiser, whose approaching marriage with the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg is officially announced, is probably the most popular Prince of his years in Europe.

He is a tall, athletic, well-grown young man, his adult development having pleasingly contradicted the poor promise of his childhood, at which period he was weak and inclined to sickness.

He is described as high-spirited, impetuous, headstrong, and loveable, and is his Imperial father's especial favourite.

A little more than a year ago he was proclaimed by the National Hungarian party a hot favourite for the throne of Hungary, should that effervescent State secede from the sway of the House of Habsburg.

Prince Eitel is a young gentleman of sporting tastes, loves all kinds of physical exercise, and is a good shot. He is a fine swimmer, as he proved by swimming across the Rhine at Gronau, where the current is unusually rapid. The severe inflammation of the lungs from which he suffered in the early part of the present year, was due to his recklessness in lying down full length upon the ice after a long spell of skating on one of the Potsdam lakes. He is an expert yachtsman, and as fond of the sea as his Imperial father.

Several good stories are current as to his eccentricities as a child. On one occasion he persisted in eating chicken with his fingers. The Kaiser told him that "if he insisted on behaving like a little dog he must go where little dogs have their place—under the table." The Prince disappeared from view, and presently emerged to sight in the dress of Adam before the fall. In response to his father's horrified inquiry, he explained, "As I am a little dog I took my things off, because little dogs don't wear clothes."

RENEWED CZECH RIOTING.

Gendarmes Stoned, and Several Persons
Injured by Cavalry Charge.

PROSSNITZ (Moravia), Wednesday.—At the close of a people's meeting held here yesterday evening, in connection with the recent disturbances at Brunn, a crowd composed of Czechs belonging to the lowest order of the population, made an attack upon dwelling occupied by Germans and Jews and smashed the windows.

The gendarmes who intervened were repeatedly pelted with stones, and order was not restored until the rioters had been charged by cavalry.

One person was severely, and several others were slightly, injured.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN HERO'S DEATH.

How General Kondrachenko Was Slain by an
"Aerial Locomotive."

The death of General Kondrachenko, to whom so much credit is now assigned for the gallant defence of Port Arthur, is described by "one who was there" in the "Slovo."

While General was presiding at a council (says Laffan) an eleven-inch shell (these shells were made by the Russians, because of the noise they made, aerial locomotives) burst on the fort with a deafening noise.

It had pierced the upper corner of the casemate and the wooden barrier, and burst right amongst the council, depriving many of the company of life. These included General Kondrachenko, nine officers, and nine marines.

SIGNAL HONOUR FOR COUNT WITTE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Wednesday.—Count Witte is to be presented with the honorary freedom of the city of St. Petersburg.

The distinction is very rare, the only man holding the freedom at present being Prince Alexander of Oldenburg, who earned it by his philanthropic works.

WORKING MAN'S DISH OF SWEETS.

With reference to the Kaiser's alleged remark to the Imperial Chancellor that the working man's dish of sweets was now full, and that enough had been done for him for the present, Prince von Buelow has written, says Reuter, to the editor of the "Soziale Praxis" stating that the Emperor said nothing of the kind to him.

DECAMPED WITH £20,000.

PITTSBURG, Wednesday.—A clerk of the Adams Express Company has disappeared after receipting a package containing £20,000 consigned to a bank in Cincinnati.

The package has not reached its destination, and other money is missing.—Reuter.

MUTINY ON A LINER.

Thirty-three Firemen of the Oceanic
Arrested at Liverpool.

DISPUTE ABOUT WAGES.

Thirty-three firemen were arrested for mutiny on the arrival of the White Star liner *Oceanic* at Liverpool yesterday.

Mr. Bruce Ismay was a passenger by the *Oceanic*, and his presence on twelve hours thirty-three of the firemen to adopt a novel method of obtaining redress for a grievance which they declared they were suffering.

Accordingly, when the vessel was one day out from New York, these men presented a petition surreptitiously to Mr. Ismay, stating that in being transferred from another of the trust's ships to the *Oceanic* at New York they had incurred a loss of wages.

Mr. Ismay declined to interfere with the matter in any way.

The malcontents then issued an ultimatum through the chief engineer declaring that unless their demands were met with in twelve hours they would strike. The answer was that they must stick to their work and wait for an examination of their complaint until the vessel's arrival at Liverpool.

PRISONERS WELL BEHAVED.

The firemen, however, refused to consider this overture, and the commander and Mr. Ismay had to consider the advisability of throwing them all into irons.

All the men were nominally arrested on board, but no restraint was put on them when they undertook not to interfere with the working of the vessel.

On learning what had taken place the passengers naturally manifested the deepest interest in the affair. Precautions were taken to guard against any violence, though little fear of this was entertained, and, indeed, the men were perfectly well-behaved.

The prisoners will make their appearance in the Liverpool court to-day.

STRUCK BY A MINE.

British Merchant Vessel Blown Up Off
Shantung, in China.

TOKIO, Wednesday.—A terrible disaster to a British ship is reported from Moji.

On September 30 the *Lero* was ninety miles east of Shantung, not far from the Yellow Sea, which was simply strewn with floating mines during the Russo-Japanese war.

Unfortunately these mines have not yet entirely disappeared. The *Lero* struck one and exploded.

No fewer than fifteen of the crew and passengers are missing, among them being two engineers.—Reuter.

DELUGE IN CAPE COLONY.

Loss of Life and Enormous Damage from
Terrible Floods.

CAPE TOWN, Wednesday.—There has been a renewal of the disastrous floods in Cape Colony. In the George district eight inches of rain have fallen, there have been several landslips, and all transport is a standstill. Serious damage has been done to the irrigation works at Oudshoos.

Nine inches of rain fell in one day at East London, and the river rose in flood, boats and launches being swept away. The town itself suffered severely, and several deaths are reported.—Reuter.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The King and Queen will visit the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck Abbey on December 11.

The men lately called out for service with the Swedish navy are to be disbanded not later than October 18.

The second attempt made by the *Brest* tugs to refloat the *Umzumbi* has met with complete success, and the vessel has been towed into dock for repairs.

The German steamers M. Struve and Hans Wagner, alleged to have been carrying contraband for Vladivostok, have been seized, says Reuter, by the Japanese.

The news of the death of Edhem Pasha is authoritatively contradicted from Constantinople, the well-known military commander having been confused with another man named Edhem, who recently died.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is:—North-westerly winds, moderate or fresh; fair, dry, and cooler.

Lighting-up time, 6.12 p.m.

Sea passages will be smooth to moderate.

LORD STANLEY AND "BLOODSUCKERS."

U.P.O. Men Definitely Decide To
Boycott Royal Ceremony.

BITTER FEELING.

Time has done nothing to allay the ill-feeling caused by Lord Stanley's strong remarks on the methods of the representatives of the postal service.

In fact, the opportunity of publicly showing this resentment, afforded by the inauguration of the new Post Office buildings next Monday, has been eagerly seized by the postal service organisations. Their refusal to accept tickets for the ceremony is now definitely confirmed.

To strengthen this decision of the London branch committee of the Postal Telegraph Clerks' Association an official statement has been issued by the secretary of the Postmen's Federation. This runs as follows:

"The feeling of resentment against Lord Stanley for what are held to be entirely unwarranted remarks in the House of Commons in July last has by no means died away, as was testified at a crowded meeting of the London District Council of the Postmen's Federation, where the representatives of over six thousand postmen were present.

Bitter Feeling.

"After a full discussion it was decided unanimously that it was not possible to accept the hospitality of a gentleman who had not only accused them of 'bloodsucking and blackmailing,' but had specifically declined to modify his utterances, or to produce any proofs of their applicability to postmen.

"The council further advised those of its members who had accepted invitation cards to return them, and it remains to be added that the authorities are taking the curious and unprecedented step of demanding reasons from men who are declining invitations to attend a function in their own time and at their own expense."

The secretary of the Fawcett Society, which guards the interests of postal servants, informed the *Daily Mirror* yesterday that he did not expect that a single member of any of the various organisations would attend the ceremony.

No Disloyalty.

"The decision must not for a moment be construed into an act of disloyalty on our part," he said. "We are doing it purely and simply because we feel that we cannot accept the hospitality of one who has accused us of 'bloodsucking and blackmailing.'"

"We do not suppose that the tickets will go unused. There are many who do not belong to any organisation who will gladly avail themselves of them, seeing that the King is to be present. Also friends and relations of the officials will doubtless be glad to obtain tickets. But I am pretty sure no one belonging to the organisations will attend. The feeling is still so bitter."

On inquiring at the General Post Office, the *Daily Mirror* was informed by the secretary of the Discipline Department that so far he had heard nothing of this refusal on the part of the men.

"In fact," he added, "I only learned of the occurrence by reading the papers this morning." If any further proof of how high feeling runs on the matter were needed it would be found in the fact that a little pamphlet entitled "Who Are the Bloodsuckers?" which speaks in bitter terms of Lord Stanley, has already reached its third edition, and has been widely circulated in postal circles.

HAMPSTEAD BY-ELECTION.

Radical Candidate Makes a Strong Point of
Army Extravagance in His Address.

Mr. Rowe, Radical candidate in the forthcoming Hampstead by-election, in his election address, issued yesterday, emphasises the "administrative extravagance of the present Government," especially with regard to the Army.

"The total normal expenditure has in ten years increased from ninety-one millions to 141 millions per annum, an increase which has already put a heavy burden upon the people, and which, if continued at this rate, threatens us with national disaster."

Mr. Rowe is opposed to tariff reform, and regards the amendment of the Education Acts as one of the first duties of the Liberal Party if returned to power.

Mr. J. S. Fletcher, the Conservative candidate, has not yet issued his address.

LORD INVERCYCLE'S FUNERAL.

Wreaths representing sympathisers in Great Britain, America, and the Continent, were numerous at the funeral of the late Lord Inverclyde, at Wemyss Bay, on the Clyde, yesterday. The crew of his lordship's yacht acted as a guard of honour.

WITH A MAGIC KEY.

How the Gates of Kingsway Will Fly
Open at the King's Touch.

The plans for the opening of Kingsway and Aldwych by the King next Wednesday have now been practically completed by the L.C.C.

The ceremony will take place in a handsomely-decorated pavilion, to be erected just north of the junction of the two thoroughfares, easily capable of accommodating 3,000 invited guests.

Its interior will be decorated in a profusion of crimson and white bunting. These colours will predominate in the general decorative scheme.

The royal reception tent at the rear will be richly furnished in the gilt furniture and the tapestries of the Louis XVI. period, relieved with delicate touches of pink and green.

The royal party will alight at the Aldwych entrance to the pavilion, and his Majesty will pass through it to the central dais, from which the actual opening ceremony is to take place.

When various addresses, including the one from the Poplar Borough Council on the unemployed question, have been presented, the King will take his stand at a golden switch at the front of the dais, commanding a clear view of the northern end of the pavilion.

Throwing over the switch, he will cause the gates of gilded iron barring the way to slide silently back, and the new thoroughfare will be open. The fact will be announced by a fanfare of trumpets.

ROYAL CHILDREN INDULGED.

Nursery Rules Relaxed Prior to Their Parents'
Departure for India.

The preparations for the Indian tour of the Prince and Princess of Wales being practically complete, their Royal Highnesses will be able to devote their last weeks in England to private affairs.

First come the royal children, to whom the Prince and Princess are devoted. For a few weeks school and nursery rules and regulations are being relaxed, and numbers of "treats" have been arranged in the hope of softening the parting.

During the absence of the Prince and Princess their children will stay with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace, Sandringham, and Windsor, where special rooms are being prepared for them.

The King and Queen and their grandchildren are on the "chummy" terms, and the little ones are rejoiced at this part of the arrangements.

WELSH WELCOME HOME.

Marquis of Eute and His Bride Warmly
Cheered in Cardiff.

Triumphal arches and gaily-decorated streets lined with thousands of cheering spectators greeted the Marquis and Marchioness of Eute in Cardiff yesterday, when they paid their first visit to the town since their marriage.

At the station the mayor and members of the corporation gave a cordial greeting to the distinguished young couple, and a great procession was formed to the castle.

Ludwig's passion for the grey ewywhere, and at the Bute Estate Officers' mottoes of welcome printed in English, Welsh, and Irish were displayed.

SALE OF ROYAL JEWELS.

Eccentric King Ludwig's Collection To Be
Disposed of in London.

Jewels of the eccentric King Ludwig of Bavaria are to be sold in London by Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley to-morrow week.

Among them is an unusually formed bracelet composed of five panels, in four of which are enamels treating of Wagnerian subjects. The centre panel, which measures 2½ in. by 2½ in., and is surrounded by large diamonds and sapphires, contains a reproduction of Guido's "Aurore." Ludwig's passion for Wagner influenced his taste in every direction. He built a theatre for himself, and was often the sole audience of performances in it.

Sapphires figure in nearly every article of jewellery in the collection, which includes many very valuable specimens of the goldsmith's art.

CANDIDATE IMPRISONED.

The prospective Labour candidate for Parliament of Kettering, Samuel Taylor, went to prison yesterday in default of finding sureties for his good behaviour in consequence of having threatened a schoolmaster who was supposed to have assailed Taylor's boy.

Southend Town Council have decided to continue the tramways along the sea front to Shoeburyness, a distance of about five miles, at a cost of £70,000.

NO GERMAN WANTED.

French Nurses and Governesses
Profit by the Entente.

PARISIENNE OR NOTHING.

Little things often show the current of national opinion better than House of Commons debates and public meetings. At present, everyone in England is a warm friend of France; while Germany is regarded with a distrust largely due to the Kaiser's tortuous course in international politics.

One result is a decided slump in German maids and governesses, and an equally pronounced boom in those of French nationality. There is an unprecedented demand for French governesses and nurses in private families just now. On the other hand, the German girl, however highly educated, has found it almost hopeless to compete with the Frenchwoman for the affections of the English mother.

Rush for Governesses Over.

The September rush for governesses for the winter season is over. Mademoiselle, with her Parisian accent, her well-dressed head and high heels, has been encouraged for the schoolroom of England, and Fraulien is either stopping wearily at a governess home in London, or, with the help of the German Consulate or Chancery, is taking herself back to the Fatherland.

The proprietress of an international governess's home in Bulstrode-street, London, says she never remembers such a disastrous autumn for Germans. "I cannot get French ladies in sufficient number to meet the demand," she told the *Daily Mirror*. "Well-educated women can command almost any salary they like. Only last week I sent a French woman to an engagement with a salary of £100, and she had three other offers. Of the fifteen Germans in the house I don't suppose one had a chance of anything better than an unsalaried position in a school or £20 in a family. Even the French-Swiss go better. I have four now here, and I am sure they will all be placed before one of my sad fifteen who lag on."

The pity of it is that German women have generally spent more time and money on their education than the French. A German will have usually four languages at her command, and her musical abilities will be excellent. But the English child must have a Parisian accent or none at all.

French Ladies from the Convents.

The agencies all tell the same story. Mrs. Hooper has twenty-one Germans on her list desiring engagements, as against four French. The German may have a chance in schools, but if she has not a perfect command of the other languages she had better go home.

All this in spite of the fact that the French convents during the past year have poured well-educated women into England—women with all the manner and traditions of the noblesse. Even the shops are employing needlewomen from the convents, for we must have our linen sewn by hand and embroidered with the dainty stitching of the cloister-taught. But Bond-street does not pay much for its labour, and the ex-convent is quite happy to receive 12s. 6d. a week and her tea.

Germany, to give her her due, keeps a more paternal eye on the stranded women of her country than France does. The German girl in England is generally better looked after. The Convent Marie Reparatrice, however, has just sent a notice to the school authorities to the effect that the convent gardens are open to all French-speaking ladies on Sundays, and that tea is served.

WOMAN'S DOUBLE LIFE.

A Man to the World, but Her Real Self to
Her Mother.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Wednesday.—The extraordinary double life of a young woman has just been brought to an end by her landlady's curiosity.

This girl, an English domestic, by her husband, cut off her hair and donned male attire. As a man she obtained work in a factory, and performed her duties admirably.

But she tired of the life and resumed woman's garb while on a visit to her mother.

Then she reverted to male habit again, and as a painter showed great nerve in ascending high ladders and scaffolding.

Occasionally, however, she would don petticoats and go to see her mother. Her landlady considered this conduct eccentric, and informed the police, who cautioned the young woman about attempting too much. She has promised to remain a woman for the rest of her life.

CHURCH-PROVIDED BILLIARDS.

Billiards and other games, provided by churches with a view to attracting slum-dwellers towards religion, were warmly approved by the Congregational Union at Leeds yesterday.

INAUDIBLE SERMONS.

Bishop Deplores the Lack of Pensions for
Clergymen Past Work.

"The laity of the Church of England seem to have an idea that the Church must, in the nature of things, go on somehow; they have not yet waked up to the scandal of the poverty among ministers of the Church."

So said the Bishop of London, speaking at the Mansion House yesterday on the work of the Clergy Pension Institution in the London Diocese.

"Many complaints reach me," he went on, "of ministers being past their work. People grumble because they cannot hear the lessons, and because the utterances of the preacher are indistinct. And they stay away from church in consequence."

"But you cannot expect a man to relinquish his living if the result will be the workhouse. And the Bishop cannot do anything, for the 'parson's freehold' is round his neck."

"All that can be done is to raise a pension for the aged brother, and then persuade him to vacate his living. I myself have done this in fifteen cases in the London Diocese. But on an average a clergyman has to work fifteen years in the Diocese of London before he has any chance of a pension."

"Such a state of things is a serious hindrance to making the Church efficient."

MR. BOURCHIER'S SHYLOCK.

"Merchant of Venice" Well Acted and
Produced at the Garrick Theatre.

It is twenty-two years since Mr. Arthur Boucher first played Shylock in the "Merchant of Venice," which he successfully produced last night at the Garrick.

Mr. Boucher's Shylock is excellent, and in the trial scene he attains great heights. In fact, the sympathy of the audience went out to the old usurer as he staggered off, defeated and jered at.

If there be any fault to find with Miss Vanbrugh's Portia, it is that the actress is inclined to "over gesture" (to coin a word).

The thankful part of the Duke of Venice was well rendered by Mr. Arthur Whitby, and Mr. O. B. Clarence gave an excellent character-sketch of Old Gobbo.

Mr. Boucher puts the period of the play in the sixteenth century.

RATE-AIDED DRAMA.

Sir Henry Irving Still Hopes for the Establish-
ment of Municipal Theatres.

"Some day it will be realised that a theatre should be included among municipal institutions," said Sir Henry Irving, entertained at luncheon by the Mayor of Bradford and presented with an address on the occasion of his farewell visit yesterday.

"Money is spent in this country like water on a great variety of philanthropic and educational objects; scholarships are founded for the pursuit of learning; there are bursaries, endowments for schools of painting and colleges of music; but what municipal corporation ever dreams of endowing a theatre?"

"But only by this means can the standard of true drama, as distinguished from miscellaneous entertainment, which has no connection with it, be upheld."

HOPE TO IMPROVE OXFORD.

American Rhodes Scholars Say Our First
University Is "Not Democratic Enough."

There arrived in Liverpool by the liner Haverford yesterday forty-two American students, who proceeded to Oxford in connection with the Rhodes Scholarships.

They are typical young Americans from various parts of the Western continent, and they did not show any signs of being overpowered at the idea of going to Oxford.

"The main thing," said one of them, "that we shall learn with advantage at Oxford are Greek and other classical subjects. These have to take a second place to scientific subjects in America."

"Beyond that we do not think English universities can beat those at home. In fact, we hope to introduce a few improvements. They are not democratic enough yet at Oxford."

"NAVY POLITICIAN'S" VOTES.

Complaint has been lodged that at the time of his election to the Brentford Council in March last Mr. George Haley, known as the "navy politician," had not used the address given on his nomination paper for the statutory period.

If the allegation is proved, Mr. Haley is liable to a penalty of £20 for each vote given on the council. Mr. Frederick Bonar, British Vice-Consul at Pensacola, Florida, has died of yellow fever.

AFRAID OF BEING MARRIED.

Doctor Has To Pay £500 for
Writing Love-Letters.

LOVER FROM ST. KITTS.

How a doctor from St. Kitt's, in the West Indies, wrote love-letters to a mantle-maker of Edinburgh, was related yesterday in the course of a breach of promise action at Edinburgh.

The plaintiff was a Miss Belle MacKinnon, and the defendant Dr. Joseph Nurse, who formerly lived in York-mansions, Battersea Park, but was born in the West Indies.

Dr. Nurse denied that he had given any promise of marriage.

Miss MacKinnon, who is forty-nine, in telling her story said Dr. Nurse made her acquaintance through a Miss Wilson, whom he married in 1891. His wife died two years later, and a correspondence afterwards passed between him and Miss MacKinnon. In 1896 he visited Edinburgh, where he stayed at Miss MacKinnon's house from February to May.

In March of that year, she said, he spoke of being lonely, and proposed marriage. The plaintiff consented. Dr. Nurse told her he had a private income of a thousand a year, apart from a small practice, a Government appointment, and some estates.

130 Love-Letters.

Dr. Nurse, who is a man of colour, wrote 130 letters, some of which breathe the ardour of the blinding sun of St. Kitt's.

In one letter he wrote: "I missed your loving attention at super-tine last night and at breakfast this morning. I know you will have missed me, but you must be brave. Fondlest love and kisses. Believe me to be, ever yours affectionately, Joe."

In another he referred to "a good time coming." Witness understood that it was marriage. In another he sent Love and kisses and a double portion to your dear sweet self."

In still another he said he "was glad my dear little girl had not forgotten her Joe."

She got a photograph of himself from him. He had been photographed in Edinburgh, and she sent on the photographs, keeping one for herself.

She received another in which he was photographed with three ladies. She was surprised and shocked when she got it.

The Lord Justice Clerk: There's safety in numbers.

Mr. Orr: Yes, no doubt. (To witness): But did you think it proper to ask who these ladies were, and to write in rather an indignant strain?—Yes, certainly.

From his reply she understood there was no lady but herself for whom he had any regard.

He wrote: "I am trying to get a comfortable home and everything ready."

At the end of the year witness always said that it was her last letter for the year, and that she hoped by this time next year they would be together. The witness said nothing that caused any doubt as to the relationship between defendant and her.

His "Little Bella."

He always wrote as if he had a special interest or anxiety when he heard there was anything wrong with her. He asked her to get many things for his house.

In a letter he said many of the things would brighten the drawing-room, and that he always thought he saw his "Little Bella" in it.

At last, in January, 1904, came a letter of a different kind. It was like the frosts of an English winter after the tropic sky of St. Kitt's. These were Dr. Nurse's words:

"I think it would be a great sin to take you like a lily, and let you droop and die in a strange land. It seems you are hysterical, and I could not be engaged to a hysterical lady." She knew then that defendant had married another lady.

In cross-examination the witness said she had no engagement ring, but that was not her fault. The plaintiff's brothers gave evidence, and one stated he disapproved the marriage, as defendant was a man of colour.

Giving evidence the defendant denied any engagement, and said he wrote as a friend. His demeanour changed because Miss MacKinnon expected him to marry her.

The jury returned a verdict for the plaintiff with £500 damages.

LADY CADOGAN'S GREAT CATCH.

Lady Cadogan has achieved the distinction of having landed the largest salmon, so far as is known, that has ever been taken from the River Spean, in the north of Scotland. It weighed 51lb.

AN EXPENSIVE AMUSEMENT.

"Law is an expensive amusement," said the Bow County Court Judge yesterday. "It is often better to buy a person off than fight and win."

NELSON STEEPLEJACKS

Perform Feats of Daring to Make
Ready for the Centenary.

Trafalgar Day is close upon us, and the stately column which supports the effigy of the darling hero of England is in the hands of the steeplejacks.

Silent crowds are clustered about the fountains and the contiguous streets watching the deft and daring human ants as they crawl about the great structure, active as monkeys and calm as the bronze lions which flank the base of the monument; their figures, pigmy-small in contrast with the soaring shaft and the huge buildings surrounding it, silhouetted with startling clearness against the sky.

The first sight of them, perched on their all but invisible supports, makes the palms of the hands moisten, the breath thicken, and sends a disagreeable shudder along the spine. A false movement, the most momentary failure of nerve or passing dimness of eye, would cause instant death.

The pigeons which have made their nests in the corbels are in a considerable flutter as to what the human invasion of their airy home may mean, and the ubiquitous sparrow is taking a profound interest in the proceedings.

CLERGY AND MR. HALL CAINE.

Canon Horsley Does Not Think "The Prodigal Son" an Impiously-Entitled Play.

In answer to Mr. Webb-Peploe's scathing criticisms of "The Prodigal Son," published in the *Daily Mirror*, the Rev. Canon Horsley, vicar of St. Peter's, Walworth, sends us a letter, in which he asks:—

"Who made Mr. Webb-Peploe the spokesman of his clerical brethren collectively? He is a deservedly respected man, but all that he can do is to voice, honestly enough, the feelings of those who share with him his detestation of anything and everything that the stage represents."

"What reason has he to imagine that Mr. Hall Caine meant to insult the clergy by his invitation? Or what right has he to describe as an insult that which other clergy regard as a compliment? "As to the title being impious, it is not scriptural, and the word prodigal does not occur in the Bible."

"ONE OF THE BERESFORDS."

Choleric Naval Officer Threatens To Do
Terrible Things with His Umbrella.

"I always like to give people what they ask for," said Captain de la Poer Beresford, R.N., at Wimbledon yesterday when summoned for assaulting a ticket collector at Wimbledon Station.

According to the collector, the Captain had no ticket, and when stopped at the barrier shouted: "I am one of the Beresfords. I will stick this umbrella through you if you give me any of your insolence."

In the witness-box Captain Beresford explained that he arrived at Wimbledon by mistake, intending to go to Richmond. When he told the collector that he had no ticket the man became insolent.

When threatened with the umbrella the collector said: "I would like to see you do it." He did. Fined 20s., Captain Beresford was given until four o'clock in the afternoon to pay, as he had not enough money with him.

CHRISTENING VOTERS.

Forgetful Women Claimants Supplied with
Fanciful Names by the Revising Barrister.

Much amusement was caused in the Walthamstow Revision Court yesterday when several women voters, who had neglected to give their Christian names, were "christened" to prevent their being struck off the list.

"Here is one," said the Revising Barrister. "Bell—Mrs. Bell, I suppose. We'll christen her 'Nancy.' Nancy Bell sounds melodious. "Here is another—Monckton. Will anyone christen her? Nancy? No. No more Nancies. 'Louise.' That's better. Here is another—Passmore. Thank you. 'May' will do. "Still another—Penton. Priscilla is nice. No; let us call her Rose."

"AT THE GUARDIANS' RISK."

Blackburn Guardians were told yesterday by the young lady who was found wandering at Darwen that they detained her in the workhouse at their own risk. She declares her name is not Grace Bowyer, and that she does not come from Cryodan. A lady in the Midlands has placed a cottage at her disposal.

CHARGE OF WIFE MURDER.

'On a charge of having murdered his wife at Union-street, Great Titchfield-street, W., George Butler was committed for trial to the Central Criminal Court yesterday.

LADY MERCIA'S BILL.

Bulldogs Greet the Creditor on
Calling for His Account.

HAT AS FOOTBALL.

A story suitable for a plot in comic opera, in which furniture, bulldogs, a lady, horsewhips, and torn clothes were mixed up, was told at Maidenhead Police Court yesterday.

The chief actor throughout the piece was a carman and contractor, who removed the furniture of Lady Mercia Somerset to the "Hut," near the Quarry Hotel, Bourne End, and, as he alleged, was not paid.

Recently, while engaged in moving furniture from London to a cottage in Bourne End, he accidentally met Mr. Arthur Lionel Somerset, who was with Lady Mercia Somerset on the occasion she gave him the order for the removal of her furniture.

Continuing the story from the witness-box, the contractor said he spoke to Mr. Somerset, and mentioned that the account—£10 odd—had not been paid. Mr. Somerset then said: "You come over to my place, and I will see what I can do."

About two hours afterwards he went to the "Hut," and found the gate locked. He had hardly arrived there, however, when Mr. Somerset appeared at the gate and struck him on the forehead.

A Rough Welcome.

Two bulldogs were let loose in the garden, and Mr. Richard Wilson then made his appearance, jumping over the fence and "setting about" the contractor.

Mr. Wilson struck him, said the complainant, and tried to throw him into the river. Finally, some one gave Mr. Wilson a horsewhip and with this he slashed him about a dozen times.

A lady, whom he believed to be Lady Somerset, came on the scene, and urged the two men to throw the contractor into the river. He was very much knocked about, and his coat was damaged. Mr. Wilson also knocked his bowler hat off and kicked it about like a football.

Mr. Somerset and Mr. Wilson appeared at court yesterday, and set up the defence that the contractor was not invited to the "Hut," but that he came over and annoyed the residents there.

A police-sergeant said that he received a telephone message from Bourne End, and when he went there he found the contractor in a very distressed condition with a mark over his eye. Next day, when he, the sergeant, visited the "Hut," Lady Somerset gave him the wrong name of Wilson.

The defendants were fined £5 each, including costs.

SAVAGE BULLDOG.

Fights Three Horses, and Has To Be Killed
with an Iron Bar.

Never was the proverbial tenacity of the bulldog better illustrated than in a series of extraordinary incidents which have just occurred at Hove.

A particularly savage specimen of the breed suddenly attacked a horse which was being exercised. The horse kicked its opponent vigorously, and then bolted.

The bulldog, still full of fight, promptly made for another horse in a trap, and received another terrible kick.

Still unsubdued, the dog followed, and meeting a cart-horse, attacked it more savagely than ever. The horse, after nearly kicking the brute to pieces, bolted, dragging the heavy cart right over the dog's body.

Even then the pugnacious beast's spirit was unbroken, and it was not till an iron bar was brought to work that he succumbed.

NO CAB WAR YET.

Drivers Have Plenty of Time to Consider the
Coming of the Taximeter.

There are strong hopes of averting the threatened cab strike.

A meeting of proprietors will probably be held to-night at the Memorial Hall, and from the result of this the men will consider their position. In any case, nothing can be done for some months.

Before sixpenny fares could be introduced the statute would have to be altered, and even if the taximeter should be decided upon it would take a long time to establish.

ENGLAND AS UNSELFISH MOTHER.

"Great Britain has proved herself the most prolific and the most unselfish mother of healthy, self-sustaining Colonies in the world," writes the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, late United States Minister to Turkey, to Mr. Zangwill, in a letter approving of Jewish colonisation under British protection.

LIFE FOR A CAT.

Sailor Goes Down in an Attempt To
Rescue His Pet.

How a sailor gave his life for a cat was told on the arrival yesterday at Hull of the Cito, one of the ships of the Wilson Line.

The hero of the story was one of the crew of a barque lying waterlogged between Hull and Hamburg flying signals of distress.

These were answered by the Cito, who took all the crew but one. He, with his cat in his arms, was just about to step into the boat when the cat escaped and bolted below.

Although the barque was in imminent danger of sinking, the man did not hesitate for a moment, but disappeared in pursuit.

Warning shouts were raised from the liner as the barque was seen to be sailing down by the head, but before the man reappeared she suddenly threw up her head and sank.

The man was seen among the wreckage, but efforts at rescue by the liner and a steam-trawler which happened to be at hand proved of no avail.

HERMIT OF WINDSOR FOREST.

Death of a Recluse Who Hated Women and
Abhorred Railway Trains.

"Navy" Tough, the real hermit of Windsor Forest, the old man who lived for years in the hollow of a large oak tree near Cranborne Tower, has just died in the workhouse at the age of eighty.

He lived under the branches in the summer and slept inside the tree in the winter, and cooked all his meals under the tree.

Among his peculiarities was his rooted aversion to the fair sex. He would go far out of his way to avoid lady visitors to the Great Park. He also held railway trains in great horror, and was never known to travel in one.

He was sometimes employed by the King's head keeper as extra help, when, arrayed in green liver and gilt buttons, he was very proud of himself.

DIAMOND THIEF'S TRICK.

Theft of £400 Worth of Jewels Frustrated by
a Prudent Merchant.

A daringly-planned jewel robbery has been frustrated at Manchester.

One of the leading diamond merchants in the town received a telegram, ostensibly from another firm in the town, as follows: "Please send with my messenger when he calls two or three very good diamond brooches or pendants. Largest you have. Send price. Have customer here. Nothing suitable."

A parcel containing about £400 worth of jewels was made up, but the jeweller sent his clerk with it instead of waiting for the messenger.

When the messenger called, and was told that the parcel had been sent, he was seen to communicate the result of his visit to a well-dressed person, who immediately decamped.

13,000 MISSING CIGARS.

Mock Burglary Alleged To Have Been
Arranged in Order To Hide Thefts.

Extraordinary allegations of a bogus burglary planned in order to screen continuous thefts of cigars were made at Bow-street yesterday.

It was stated that Colman Weingott, who was a buyer for Messrs. Hatch, Mansfield, and Co., cigar merchants, Cockspur-street, had systematically robbed his employers, and that one night, during the absence of the commissionaire, he admitted a friend, Frederick Pilcher, of Kennington Park, who entering by the flap in the pavement, imitated a burglar.

He took 2,400 cigars and £2 18s. in cash, it was said, but instead of 2,400 cigars being missing the number was nearer 13,000.

Weingott and Pilcher were remanded, while two others—George Glibbard and George Garbett—were also remanded on the charge of receiving.

"The Squire's Daughter,"

Great New Story by
SILAS K. HOCKING,
Now Appearing in the

"Sunday Companion"

Every Friday. Price 1d.

DAN LENO, CLOWN AND GENIUS.

Biography of the Man Who Kept England in Smiles.

"THE KING'S JESTER."

Mr. J. Hickory Wood, to whose lively pen we owe this biography of Dan Leno (Methuen and Co.), has done his work admirably well. To begin with, he was intimately acquainted with his subject, and with the conditions in which the comedian's all-too-brief life was spent.

If acquaintance with the surroundings amid which the hero of a memoir habitually moved is necessary in the case of a soldier, a statesman, a divine, or a poet, it is doubly so when dealing with a man who, like Leno, started at the very bottom rung of the professional ladder, and, by sheer force of pluck and genius, made his way to the top. There are many queer corners to be found in the world, but the oddest and quaintest of all is, perhaps, the terra incognita which begins at the wings of the music-hall stage.

"Genius" is no misplaced word as applied to Dan Leno. Generally, it is an easy matter to name the particular charm or talent which characterises the individual entertainer. Some trick of manner or of mind, some physical or vocal idiosyncrasy, fixes our attention.

WHAT WAS HIS SECRET?

Leno was unusually well-dowered in such respects, no doubt. But it was not by comicality of figure or face, the dry yet kindly humour that shone in his twinkling eye, his exuberance of speech, his rich oddities of vocabulary, or the electric quality of his pantomime—it was no one of these qualities, nor all combined, which made him the universal favourite he was.

There was something behind them all, something for which language has no name—a quiddity, an inborn bizzarrie which informed and made them homogeneous. Charles Lamb, alone among writers, might have drawn his trait for the delight and gratitude of future generations, as he drew the portraits of Elliston, of Munden, and of Dick Suett. And how Lamb would have revelled in the task!

Failing Lamb, all who remember the quaint little comedian, who had probably provoked more laughter and inspired more memories by his irresistible and spontaneous drolleries than any other performer of his epoch, Mr. J. Hickory Wood deserves, and is certain of, a hearty public reception.

FULL OF THE LENO SPIRIT.

The style and tone of his book are excellent. There is not a dull line from cover to cover. He rattles on from page to page as Leno himself rattled along in those interminable monologues, during whose delivery one feared to laugh for fear of missing one of the jests which followed so thickly on each other's heels.

There is a story in one of Lytton's novels about a man who, threatened by starvation during the siege of Paris, cooked and ate his faithful dog, and, surveying the debris in the dish after finishing his meal, remarked: "Poor old Fox! How he would have relished these bones!"

One is conscious of a similar sort of whimsical regret that poor Dan Leno can never read Mr. Wood's biography of him. The days of early struggle and privation, both long and bitter, are told as Leno would have told them himself, with the bright, cheery humour, the determined and inveterate optimism which played no small part in ensuring Leno's ultimate triumph.

Dr. Johnson said that Garrick's death eclipsed the gaiety of nations. Dan Leno's death fell like a shadow on the joy of the nursery.

"ACTING IMPERIALLY."

What Christmas Gift One Should Send to the Colonies.

The "Over-Seas" Edition of the "Daily Mail," published every week in time for the outgoing mails to all parts of the world, is the outcome of the desire of our kith and kin across the seas to keep in touch with the "Old Country."

An annual subscription to the "Over-Seas Daily Mail" costs but 7s., and forms an ideal present for an absent friend. If intended as a Christmas gift for residents in the farther away portions of the Empire, subscriptions should be sent at once. For the sum of 7s. the journal, which contains all the week's news, will be sent to any address in the world every week, postage paid, for one year. Subscriptions should be sent to the Chief Clerk, "Over-Seas Daily Mail," Camellie House, London, E.C. Specimen copy forwarded on application.

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Workhouses are becoming very satisfactory hotels. Lambeth Guardians yesterday decided to supply inmates of the infirmary wards with half-penny morning papers.

Mr. Alexander Laing, who presented Newcastle with its fine art gallery at a cost of £30,000, died yesterday.

Bolton Conservatives have invited the Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P. for East Grinstead, to become the Unionist candidate for the division at the next election.

Lord Hawke, the popular captain of the Yorkshire cricket eleven, leaves England in December on another visit to India, and will not return home until mid-April.

Judge Smyly smiled broadly at Bow County Court yesterday, when the case of "Judge v. Smiley" was called for hearing. Litigants in the next case proved to be "Smyth v. Pigott."

As the result of a raid made on a chandler's shop in Southwark yesterday, a detective-inspector produced nearly £3,000 in gold, notes, and silver, together with 500 or 600 betting slips, at Tower Bridge Court.

Miss Marie Corelli's beautiful poem, "The Voice in the Cathedral," which has been so appropriately set to music by Mr. Lincoln G. Hall, the well-known song-writer, will be sung by Miss Alice Lakin, the eminent contralto, at her ballad concert on tour.

Because his motor-car emitted dense clouds of smoke in Oxford-street, Lord Cheylesmore was fined 20s. and 10s. costs at Marlborough-street yesterday for "using a locomotive that did not consume its own smoke."

Taking up a position of vantage on a country road near Dulyerton (Devon), a stag for some time disputed the passage of both men and horses.

Detected in the act of shoplifting, William Broad, ironworker, was chased and captured by two girls, and yesterday, at Rowley Regis (Staffordshire), had to pay a fine of £3.

Wielding his hammer with a vigour that would put many younger men to shame, John Park, in his ninetieth year, still works regularly at the forge at Spittall, Northumberland.

In a hopeful tone the relieving officer told the Wighton (Cumberland) Guardians that he thought a man he had removed to the asylum was recovering because he had already started to swear.

In awarding ten guineas damages to a man who had been tossed by a bull, Judge Baker at Grimsby said: "I don't suppose anyone in this court would care to be tossed by a bull for £2 5s. and out-of-pocket expenses."

"Didn't I go quietly?" pathetically asked a tiny man making his 128th appearance at Leicester Police court, yesterday on a charge of drunkenness. "You did," smilingly admitted the tallest constable in the local police.

DAN LENO—SOME CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES BY HIMSELF.



Apart from Dan Leno's genius as a comedian, he possessed talent of no mean order as a black-and-white artist. The sketches reproduced above are from the book, "Dan Leno," by Mr. J. Hickory Wood, published by Messrs. Methuen.

Mayoral honours seem to be going a-begging at Halifax, a third gentleman now having declined the position of chief magistrate.

Officers in the Royal Navy have come in for a windfall. Those occupying cabins have had their pay increased 1d. a day by the Admiralty.

A singular accident occurred to a man named Thomas Rees while felling a tree near Rogin (Carmarthen). Swerving suddenly, the tree pitched him on to his hatchet, cutting him severely.

Mr. Arnold-Forster yesterday telegraphed to the Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey that the Army Council has expressed its satisfaction on the passing of the Militia Bill, and that Jersey will be regarrisoned forthwith.

Mistaken generosity led to the bankruptcy of a Cricketh (Carmarvon) insurance agent. To save many of his customers' policies from lapsing he had paid the premiums out of his own pocket, and the money was still owing him.

The bugle with which Trumpeter William Britton, of the 17th Lancers, is stated to have sounded the famous "Charge!" at Balaclava, is to be offered for sale at Messrs. Glendinning's auction-rooms in Argyll-street within the next few days.

Mr. W. L. Gaine, manager of the National Telephone Company, and two high officials of the Post Office arrived at Liverpool yesterday from New York, where they have been studying the telephone system prior to the company's business being taken over by the Government.

Brighton Grammar School has started a rifle club, to which the boys of the three upper forms are allowed to belong.

The Egyptian State Railway contract for 210,000 tons of coal is stated to have been secured by a Cardiff firm at 11s. 3d. a ton.

Although a conspicuous man—6ft. 2in. in height and having a scar over the right eye—George Pegg, an ex-soldier, yesterday had been married next Saturday, has been missing from his home in Ardwick, Lancashire, since Monday.

On the coming of age of Lady Mary Hamilton, on November 1, the Island of Arran, of which she is the proprietress, will hold high festival. Lady Mary Hamilton is the sister of the Duke of Hamilton. She lives in very quiet style in her lonely island.

"Vell, you see, mine Honours, there was very little profits, but there was enough for a single girl," was the explanation at Whitechapel County Court of an old man, named Hymans, who immediately before had said that he had given his tobacco business to his daughter because there were no profits at all.

"Smoking has not gone entirely out of fashion, even among ministers," says the handbook to the Congregational Assembly, now taking place in Leeds. "Should any of the delegates be inclined towards this somewhat picturesque form of social diversion they will find ample facilities in all the clubs."

CHIME OF BOW BELLS.

"Turn Again, Whittington," Once More After 250 Years' Silence.

OLD TUNE REFOUND.

"Turn again, Whittington, turn again, thrice Lord Mayor of London," the historic chime of Bow Bells, which every English child for generations past has learned to associate with one of the brightest stars in the nursery firmament, was revived yesterday after a silence of 250 years.

Crowds of citizens assembled outside Bow Church, Cheshire, waiting to hear the chime ring out from the historic steeple at noon, reviving a melody unheard there since the Great Fire.

In the church vestry the Rev. A. W. Hutton was telling the story of the old Whittington chimes, silenced by the Great Fire despite their resonant appeal to it to "turn again."

"Did Dick Whittington really hear the famous chime as he wearily dozed on Highgate Hill?" asked Mr. Hutton.

Very tenderly Mr. Hutton dealt with this cherished belief, which, however, cannot be accepted without a reservation. Possibly Whittington heard the deep-voiced curfew bell, for the chimes could hardly have been heard at Highgate.

THEIR ANCIENT MELODY.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, Professor of Music at Cambridge, has tested the genuineness of the famous Whittington melody, and has been able to discover the tunes first associated with the old words. Following the rector Sir Charles said he took it as a great compliment that an Irishman like himself should have been privileged to renew that melody in the heart of London, and he would not suggest it was "an Irish jig."

As he finished speaking the hour of noon struck and the chime rang out.

Sir Charles Villiers Stanford's version of the melody appears on page 7.

- (a) At the first quarter.
- (b) At the half-hour.
- (c) At the third quarter.
- (d) At the hour.

The hour then being struck on the tenor (given as C; but, as a matter of fact, the whole peal is about half a note lower than as printed).

The third quarter begins with four notes of the second part of the old melody, written an octave lower. It ends inconclusively, as the third quarter should. The chime at the hour employs ten out of the eleven bells available, and leaves the ear expecting the lowest note, which strikes the hour.

The full chime of twelve bells weighs just over eleven tons—the tenor by itself being almost two tons and a half. Ten of the bells date back to 1738, and the remaining two were added in 1881.

STOCK EXCHANGE SANGUINE.

Dividend Prospects of Home Rails Brightened by Improving Trade.

CAPEL COURT, Wednesday.—Stock markets were in a decidedly more sanguine mood to-day. Even the Consol market keeps firm at 88½, and has been rather better. The idea is that Japanese balances in Berlin are going to be employed in London, as will help to relieve the money situation. Any way, now that the liquidation of the weak accounts open all round the Stock Exchange have been very much extended, and the accounts thereby much reduced, there is no longer sign of any money scare.

To the failures to place the whole of the Newfoundland and Middlesex County Council loans is now to be added that of Cardiff, the underwriters being left with a portion of the issue.

The banks only charged ½ per cent. for Stock Exchange loans to-day. This was below expectations and cheered the markets up. Still, carry-over rates were rather stiff nearly all round.

BOOMING CANADIANS.

Home Railway traffics made a wonderful showing. The great goods-carrying lines are making big strides, and consequently dividend prospects are brightening. There is not much doubt now about the indications of improving trade.

Naturally, Home Rails are on the up-grade, the market having been quite good to-day in nearly all cases, with the close at pretty well the best.

In spite of stiff carry-over rates, American Rails were kept on the upward tack, and Canadian Rails were very good. Mr. Jefferson Levy, with a kindly regard for the fortunes of others, is still talking very big about things Canadian. The sceptical are asking how much he has to unload, which is inordinate. Anyway, he managed to get Canadian Pacific up to-day to 178½, and so long as no belated speculators come along to hold the baby, there is not much to complain about.

Kaffirs were quite a good market at one time, but there was no public response, and so the market fell away. A discovery that there had been a fire on the Knights' property did not help matters. People are getting nervous about these fires and the lack of adequate information about them.

"DAILY MAIL."

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
15, WHITEFRIARS-STREET, LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflected," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 3, Place de la Madeleine.

Daily Mirror

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1905.

MR. PLOWDEN.

FROM time to time plaintive grumblings come from unfortunate persons who visit the Marylebone Police Court at the quality of the law dispensed there. They assert that when they ask for justice Mr. Plowden metaphorically hits them with a bladder tied on the end of a stick or asks them why a miller wears a white hat, or if a hen has any definite reason for crossing the road.

There is no doubt that the quality of Mr. Plowden's humour is not what it was. This is due to the fact that it has not been subject to the sort of criticism that would keep it up to the standard. A clown in the circus judges the value of his fun by the volume of the laughter. If no mirth follows his sallies he is dismissed, or his salary is reduced. The fear of these acts as a constant stimulus, and so he keeps up the quality of his output.

But in the case of Mr. Plowden there is nothing for him to go by. The dock full of wretched "drunks and disorderlies" guffaw as loudly as they ever did when Mr. Plowden insists on being told what looks most like half a cheese. The officials, of course, are in the position of a claqué who must burst with merriment at the most threadbare jokes or the most flagrant violations of good taste made in the interests of a distorted humour, at the expense of some trembling defendant or some righteously indignant plaintiff.

The people of Marylebone, or some of them, think that Mr. Plowden's court should be conducted either as a mill of justice or as a circus. They hold that at present it is neither, or that, if it is either, it is not good of its kind.

There is no doubt that the grade of Mr. Plowden's humour at the present time is appallingly low. He must either get some new jokes or turn his attention to the law. We should advise the latter course, as his standard of humour has been permanently lowered by the unthinking applause of "drunks and disorderlies" who had no concern for his development, but wanted selfishly to propitiate him.

A. K.

TRIUMPH OF EVOLUTION.

The ways adopted by Nature to protect her creatures are marvellous. There is a constant re-shuffle of things to meet changed or improved conditions.

When fruit took to growing very high up on trees to get out of the way of the giraffes, Nature prolonged the necks of the giraffes indefinitely. Originally the giraffe had a neck no longer than that of a cow, but it was beneficently stretched afterwards to allow the animal to circumvent the wily vegetation.

Now Nature has arranged a gallows-proof murderer. He lives in Chicago, and he has grown a bony lining to his neck so that the hangman can do nothing definite with him, and a respite has been granted.

The invention by Nature of the gallows-proof murderer shows her great mother-love for even the worst of her children.

The next move belongs to the sheriff, who must think out an appliance to hang the gallows-proof murderer with.

Thus the give-and-take game of the world is kept going. We are not allowed to sleep. Change, eternal change, is the watchword of the Universe, and the moral of it all is that one must be up-to-date, that the early bird catches the worm, and that there are no eggs in last year's nests.

T. V.

SAYINGS OF NELSON.

Only recollect that a brave man dies but once, but a coward all his life long.

Englishmen never are satisfied, full or fasting.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCE EITEL FREDERICK OF PRUSSIA, the Kaiser's second son, whose engagement to the Duchess Sophie Charlotte of Oldenburg is announced, has always been his father's favourite child. In his early years he was considered the "beauty of the family," but the expectation that he would grow up into an exceptionally handsome man has hardly been fulfilled. If, however, his figure is rather short and square, and his features insignificant, he has retained the charm of manner which has so endeared him to all his relatives and associates. When he was in England in the spring of this year, during convalescence after a severe illness, he became extremely popular with all who were privileged to meet him.

Of his mischief-loving propensities in his boyhood there are innumerable anecdotes. The Kaiser, who had strict ideas about his up-bringing, relaxed at first his customary sternness towards Eitel Fritz, but afterwards saw there was danger of the boy becoming spoilt, and took characteristic measures to correct the child's waywardness. One of Eitel Fritz's boyish antipathies was towards the morning tub. Daily it was only after fierce protestations that he was induced to enter it, so his

the end of the year, has been known to his Majesty from his childhood. As Prince and Princess of Wales, their Majesties were frequent visitors at Crichel in the late Lord Alington's time. Before he succeeded his father as Baron Alington, the present master of Crichel was well-known in the House of Commons, for thirteen years sitting as member for East Dorset. He was, however, essentially a silent member. He is clever and cultivated, an enthusiastic sportsman, and has a beautiful wife, who is one of the notable hostesses of the day. Before her marriage she was Lady Feo Yorke.

Happily, the injuries received by the Dowager Marchioness of Bute and her party in the alarming motor-car accident which befell them in Scotland appear to have been less serious than might easily have been the case under such circumstances, though Lady Margaret Crichton Stuart, in addition to the bruises and shock which she and her mother received, sustained a wound in the head. Since the death of the late Marquis the Dowager Marchioness has seldom been seen in society. She has spent most of her time very quietly in Scotland, though occasionally she visits London for a few weeks, staying at her delightful home, St. John's Lodge, Regent's Park. The Dowager Marchioness of Bute was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Howard of Glosop, and one of five lovely sisters, of whom

for his father, a well-known lithographer of his day, was quick to appreciate the boy's great talent and gave him every encouragement. His first Academy picture, "Nevermore"—it depicted a lancer returned from active service learning the news of his mother's death in a suburban tavern—appeared in 1859, and from that time Mr. Bacon's career has been followed with eager interest by the art world.

The studio in which "Nevermore" was painted was a disused Congregational chapel discovered by the artist at the Worcestershire village of Broadway, so dear to Mr. Edwin Abbey and Mr. Sargent. Mr. Bacon's art has taken a wide range of subject—portraiture, landscape, religious and historical painting, and domestic drama—while everyone remembers his C.I.V. picture, "Your Sovereign, the Empire, this Imperial City, are satisfied," in 1902.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

TRAMCAR MANNERS.

Some of my experiences of the manners of the men one meets in trains or tramcars have not been so fortunate as those of the lady representative of the *Daily Mirror*.

To give one instance. Entering a tramcar at Shepherd's Bush one pouring wet night I was immediately preceded by a man who, seeing there was only one vacant seat, dashed for it and sat down between two other men. Giving me a swift glance, apparently of triumph, he turned to one of his fellow-passengers and said: "Everyone for himself on a night like this, eh?" No one volunteered to surrender his seat to me and I travelled home on the top of the tramcar in dripping rain.

The man, I may add, had an umbrella. I, as the morning had been fine, was without umbrella or cloak. ETHEL B. Gunnersbury.

I was interested in your article on "Manners in Tramcars," and should like to add my opinion on the matter. Your lady representative must either be a very charming person or an optimist. I cannot say that I receive universal politeness when travelling.

Often I have had to stand in the train from my station—Wimbledon—to Waterloo when the compartment has been full of men, all deeply engrossed in their morning paper. If they saw a woman was standing they paid no heed, possibly because I am no longer young and good looks were never my portion. I say this because I have seen the same men who ignored my existence rise in a body to offer their seat to a young and pretty girl.

Politeness is not always a natural gift, but is an art that can be acquired, and should be cultivated, and true politeness would be to treat all women with the same courtesy. G. M. Wimbledon.

WASP WAISTS.

I daresay that many women like myself are delighted to see that current and coming fashions are once more so designed as to permit a good and slender figure being seen to the greatest advantage. In almost all fashion journals there is no disguise that "the wasp waist" is coming in. Young women like myself who have so often had during the reign of the ugly "pouch" bodices to hide our figures under a bushel, will now be able to be seen to advantage. I come of a tight-lacing family (a long-lived one, too, be it remarked), and neither I nor my three sisters have ever yet allowed our waists to exceed eighteen inches.

For the comfort of many of your readers who will no doubt pull in their waists now that it is the fashion, I may say that my sisters and self enjoy splendid health. E. M. J. London, W.

"OUTRAGE" IN IRELAND.

Except under certain circumstances, we are told, there is no excuse for murder in any shape or form; but why is a murder which takes place in Ireland (an almost crimeless country) always designated "an outrage" by the English Press?

When a murder is committed in England—no matter under what barbarous or distressing circumstances—it is "a murder" pure and simple.

Perhaps the word "outrage" is of Gaelic origin. I should be glad to be enlightened on the subject.

Great James-street, Bedford-row, W.C. AN IRISH WOMAN.

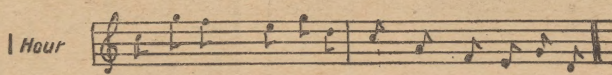
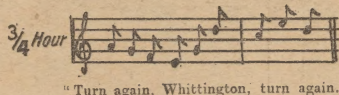
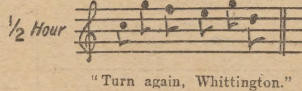
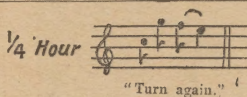
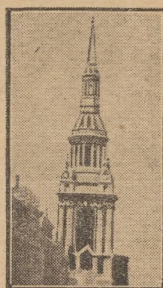
IN MY GARDEN.

OCTOBER 11.—The wise gardener's thoughts are already of far-away springtime. What an entrancing picture is a garden filled with the beautiful (yet often humble) blooms of the early year!

To my mind many amateurs give up their borders to summer flowers to a far too great extent. Let sunny beds be edged with white and purple rock-roses, yellow alyssum, crocuses, and other bulbs. Shady positions should be filled with primroses, violets, cowslips, snowdrops, winter aconites.

And there must be hyacinths, daffodils, anemones, and tulips in plenty, while wallflowers, honesty, forget-me-nots, dionysiums, double daisies should abound. E. F. T.

"TURN AGAIN; TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON."



"Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London."

The famous legendary Whittington Chimes, which have been hung in Bow Church, after the old melody associated with the famous Lord Mayor, were heard for the first time yesterday. The photographs show Bow Church and Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who has arranged the chimes.

delight may be imagined when one morning he was allowed to go unattended without any comment being passed upon the fact. But later that day, when passing the palace gate alone with his tutor, the squire amazed him by failing to give the customary salute, to receive which was always the proudest moment of the day. To the Prince's furious expostulations, his tutor, as well as the squire, were stolidly indifferent. At the first opportunity he sought his father and told him of the great insult. His mortification was complete when the Emperor, in the presence of the whole family, quietly said, "What else could you expect? You could never imagine that the guard would salute a dirty body." After that Eitel Fritz developed a surprising liking for his bath.

High-spirited, impetuous, headstrong as he is, Prince Eitel Fritz has always held a larger share of the affection of the German people than the other sons of the Kaiser. He has often given evidence of great pluck, and on one occasion accomplished a remarkable swim across the Rhine at Gronau, where the current is very strong. He is now twenty-two, and therefore four years younger than his future bride. She is the daughter of the Grand Duke Frederick Augustus of Oldenburg, whose family, the Holstein-Glücksburgs, are closely connected by marriage with the ruling houses of both Russia and Denmark.

Lord Alington, whom the King will visit at Crichel, his beautiful place in Dorsetshire, before

the others became in due course Lady Herries, Lady Loudoun, Mrs. Trevellick, and Mrs. Middleton. She used to wear at times jewels of an almost fabulous value, among them a unique diamond tiara presented to her by her late husband, and bearing in Hebrew characters the inscription: "A virtuous woman is a crown unto her husband."

The only daughter of the marriage, Lady Margaret Stuart Crichton, is one of the very few Roman Catholic heiresses, her father having bequeathed her a large independent fortune. Like her father and mother, and, in fact, the whole family, she does not care much for society, but prefers to spend her time, as far as possible, in foreign travel. The late Marquis did much to inculcate this taste in his children in their early days, for he was a firm believer in the educational value of an intimate knowledge of other countries. The news of the motor-car accident would, I fear, somewhat mar the pleasure of the visit by the young Marquis and his bride to Cardiff yesterday for the first time since their wedding.

One of the most modest of men, Mr. John H. Bacon, A.R.A., who is now engaged upon a portrait of the Lord Mayor in his state robes for presentation to Sir John Pountney before he leaves office, showed unusual precocity in his childhood and drew portraits before he could make pot-hooks. He was fortunate inasmuch as he did not have to encounter the paternal discouragement which so often falls to the lot of a budding genius,

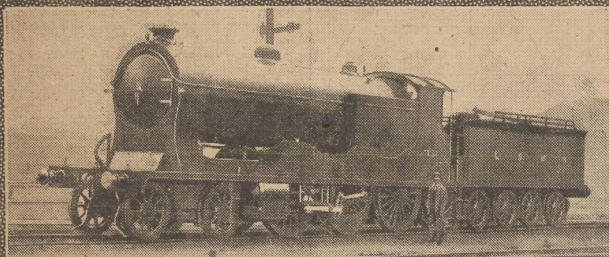
From our CAMERA CORRESPONDENTS

PREPARING FOR THE NELSON CENTENARY.



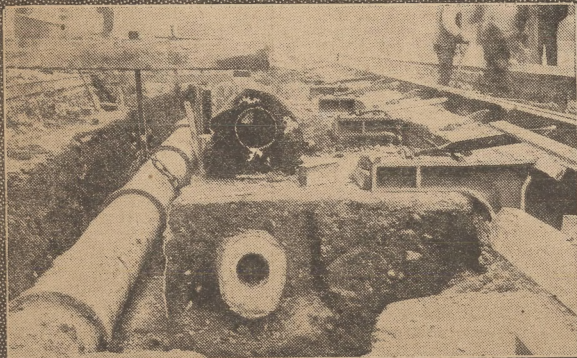
Work was commenced yesterday upon the Nelson statue, Trafalgar-square, in connection with the great centenary commemoration on Saturday week. The photograph shows steeples at work upon the column and the crowd watching from the square.

LARGEST ENGINE IN THE WORLD.



One of the new locomotives built for the London and South-Western Railway, which are the largest in the world, to compete with the Great Western Railway in its shortened route to Exeter and Plymouth.

INTERESTING RELIC OF OLD LONDON.



During the laying of some new mains in Theobalds-road this old wooden conduit has just been discovered. Pipes of this description were used over 100 years ago, and consisted of trunks of trees with the centre taken out.



WHY ARE THEY Is it brain



The New Zealand Rugby fifteen, at present visiting England, has shown remarkable superior fitness; (3) slightly different disposition in the field; (4) their wonderfully combined play; strong enough to check

NEW LORD FORTESCUE.



Viscount Ebrington, son of the late Earl Fortescue, who has just died at South Molton, Devon, now succeeds to the title.—(Russell.)

TO-DAY'S WEDDING

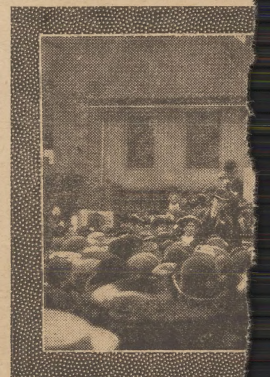


Miss Alice Woolsey, daughter of Colonel to Mr. Copley de Lisle Hewitt, son of Sir Forest.—(Langfieri.)

POLLING TO-MORROW IN T



A keen fight is taking place in the Barkston Ash Division between Mr. George Langfieri and both parties are confident of victory. The photographs show—(1) Mr. Langfieri and (3) the headquarters



BEATING US ? or physique ?



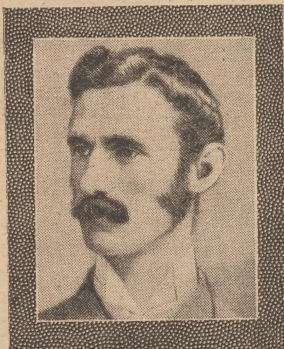
over English players. Their victories are ascribed to (1) finer physique; (2) perfect the question arises, is there any English, Welsh, Scottish, or Irish international fifteen victorious career.

BEAULIEU ABBEY.



of New York, who will be married to-day
ewitt, K.C., at Beaulieu Abbey, New
Old Bond-street.)

THE KING'S HOST.

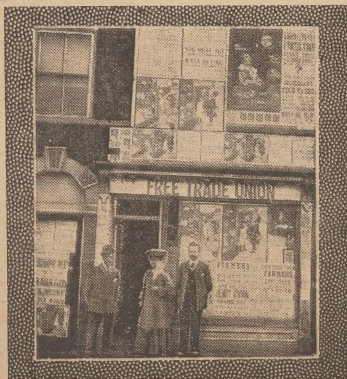


Lord Barnard, who will entertain the
King at Raby Castle, near Darlington.
The King will be driven over in
his motor-car from Brougham Hall,
where he arrives to-day.—(Dickinson.)

MARKSTON ASH ELECTION.



conservative candidate, and Mr. G. O. Andrews, Liberal. Polling takes place to-
and his proposer, Colonel Hawdon; (2) Mr. Fox addressing a meeting at Selby;
Trade Union at Selby.



ILLUSTRATED NEWS of the DAY

KUBELIK AND HIS CARTOON.



The pastel cartoon of Kubelik, by Julius Price, exhibited in court, concerning which the
great violinist took objection, on the ground that it was not sufficiently serious. The
small inset at the bottom shows Herr Kubelik as he is.

AUTHOR OF LONDON'S MOST SUCCESSFUL FARCE.



"Public Opinion," just produced at Wyndham's Theatre, is considered the most successful
play of the autumn dramatic season. The photograph shows Mr. R. C. Carton, the author,
and his wife.

FAMINE OF HOUSEMAIDS.

Women of All Classes Are Losing Their Domestic Tastes.

MANIA TO BE TYPISTS.

BY A WOMAN.

The striking shortage of skilled domestic servants is partly explained by the surfeit of half-educated, totally incompetent girl clerks.

Board school girls who have learned the rudiments of reading and spelling forthwith aspire to be typists at from 12s. to 18s. per week.

They call themselves lady clerks, and regard themselves as superior to the parlourmaid.

Consequently a lower grade of girl, whose real sphere is rough farmwork or selling flowers in the streets has to be pressed into service as parlourmaid or cook.

Good housemaids are most difficult to obtain. Girls are too fine and genteel to wheel a mailcart and wear the cap of domesticity. Domestic service is voted tame. Like mistress like maid. The lady of the house says London is dull. So does her pretty parlourmaid. Hence she seeks employment which will give her "evenings out." Her mistress's evenings are mostly spent out at club, restaurant, theatre, or "At Homes."

Why not the maids?

WANT LIBERTY AND LATCHKEYS.

The modern mistress expects all the housekeeping to be done by proxy of parlourmaid and cook. These follow suit and seek to better themselves beyond menial service. They want liberty and latch-keys like other young ladies.

The city merchant has his business letters misspelt, and his books muddled by his "lady secretary," who might as well be an excellent cook or parlourmaid at his suburban home.

After being annoyed all day by the half-trained secretary and wholly inefficient speller at his office, he returns home to find his dinner badly cooked by a girl who has enough brains to hearthstone the front steps, but not enough capacity to cook a decent meal.

He is served at home by a young woman who a few years ago would have found her mission in picking potatoes in a field. Now she wears a fancy cap and expects £24 a year and all found as a housemaid. She can't wait at table. She is rough and clumsy, and could not, save by a miracle, be transformed into a competent maid. But she has to be put up with despite her inefficient methods and tiresome incapacity. For this is the material mainly available in the modern unskilled domestic labour market.

INCOMPETENT WOMEN CLERKS THE RESULT.

Her smart sister who possesses all the qualities for a good maid is keeping her very busy, and typing worse, in some small office which cannot afford a well-educated woman clerk, the number at whom, by the way, is extremely limited. A girl with a superficial smattering of shorthand muddles along from one office to another regarding her work as a stop-gap till she marries.

Such a rolling-stone of a strong-gatherer neither moss nor experience of value to her as a potential wife and mother. She lives poorly in miserable lodgings or scantily at home, spending most of her salary in clothes and train fares. Cheap evening amusements and walking eternally about the streets at night represent the freedom for which she sacrifices the comforts, security, and healthiness of domestic service. The smart lady plays bridge for money, factory and work girls are taking to betting to an alarming degree. A small "bookie" recently was fined £50 for using his house for betting. Sixty women and young girls had visited his place in one afternoon to make small bets.

In the "freedom" of their evenings girls learn to "lay a bit on" favourites in horse races, and the gambling workgirl constitutes a civic danger.

SLIPSHOD SERVANTS ABOUND.

Domestic servants have no such demoralising temptations, which perhaps explains why service is regarded as tame and dull. Slipshod servants abound, and instead of making the best of the poor material at hand and training the hooligan of her household into neat domestic ways, the modern mistress bemoans her fate.

"Missus grumbles, but never shows me anything," is the plaint of the rough, untaught slavey. For the modern lady's gospel is that she mustn't be bothered. She must be free from worries and enjoy life. Men must grind at their offices, but "ladies" must be loafers with days of leisure to devote to shop-windows, social fripperies, and a smoking-room at their clubs to refresh them after their hard labour of spending money.

Servants are now copying the cigarette habits of their mistresses, and it is quite common for a maid to confess that she has been discharged for habitual smoking. If the weed is suited to my lady of the boudoir, why not to her of the servants' hall?

The moral of all which is that when the women of the better classes lose their domestic tastes the working woman follows suit.

All That a Man Hath.

By Coralie Stanton and Heath Hosken.

CHAPTER XLV.

"I will not be robbed of my revenge."

It was very early in the morning when Dick arrived in London. An incredibly cheerless morning, with a sky of lead, dripping pavements, a few wretched-looking servant girls polishing door-handles, and a sprinkling of pedestrians very early afoot. A hopeless morning and a dispiriting contrast to the bright and frost-bound little German town, but to the young man the fairest scene on earth was this gloomy London, for he had come back to it with joy in his heart, and after London there was Stoke Magnus, and in Stoke Magnus was Sabra.

He did not fear the meeting with Swindover, which was the first thing to be got through. He knew there would be a tussle, probably a violent scene, but he had quite made up his mind what course he was going to pursue, and, as he wanted nothing, and had a great deal to give back, there could be but one issue to the encounter.

He drove straight to Swindover's hotel, and sent a message to the millionaire's apartments at the earliest possible moment.

Swindover sent back an urgent invitation to him to come to him at once and share his breakfast.

It was only seven o'clock, but an hour earlier he would have found the millionaire hard at work.

Almost the whole of the first floor was appropriated to the use of this lavish customer. There was a private doorway, and, as Dick entered the suite, he was almost stifled by the hothouse atmosphere.

The place was like an unclassified museum of art treasures, rare and trumpery, real and spurious. Swindover bought nearly everything that was brought to him. His own taste was execrable, and he always paid more for flamboyant articles, so the dealers, having learned his tastes, supplied them liberally. He had no room for half the things he acquired; they were all being collected to adorn the mansion that he was going to build on an unequalled site that he had bought over the heads of the municipality. Consequently, they were piled up indiscriminately, bronzes and painted panels, marbles and tapestries, weapons and jewellery, a riot of senseless accumulation almost obliterating the already costly and luxurious decorations of the hotel.

In a small room, leading from the large dining-room of the suite, Dick found him, the walls covered temporarily with seven priceless panels by Watteau, the chimney-piece, enormous and out of all proportion, a magnificent marble of the French Renaissance, the breakfast-table laden with gold, a space on it cleared for writing materials, and a gilded Bergère chair, with cushions of rose satin, evidently just vacated by a secretary.

Swindover had altered in appearance since his daughter's disappearance. That is, all the worst characteristics of his face were accentuated, so that where he had been merely suggestively unpleasant he was now actively repellant. The little yellow-flecked eyes were never free from a look of fury, the loose-lipped, coarse mouth seemed always trembling with some oath or blasphemy, out of the whole flabby, livid, ill-favoured face glared a venomous hatred that was directed upon all men and all things. He looked utterly callous, utterly merciless, as if he would scatter broadsword and avenger and ruin to the utmost limit of his power. This was, in fact, his one purpose in life, and yet, by some inscrutable decree of Providence, he was allowed to rise ever higher and higher upon a phenomenal and unprecedented wave of success.

He greeted the young man with an incoherent snarl, neither rising nor holding out his hand. Those who surrounded him said that every day his manner grew more insolently aggressive. Always isolated, he was now never approached by anyone at all save those unfortunate men on whom his wrecking eye had fallen, and who came to plead, to expostulate, to implore.

"What do you want?" The great fat voice was virulent; all the heavy jocularity had gone out of it. He was no longer offensively familiar, because rage and hatred had put him above desiring the friendship of any man. "You're not the sort to come near me unless you want something," he went on, disregarding both the truth and the quiet, grave, determined look on the young man's face. "You've just missed the fool who is in charge of the search. They've begun. This man's supposed to be the cleverest detective in the world. Talks a lot of tommy rot, says he's certain of success. All he cares about all the time is to rook me as much as he can." His voice rose to furious note. "But they'll find her. They'll have to find her. And who's just missed the fool who is in charge of the search? Good Lord, can't you speak?"

"Dick was too full of inward exaltation to feel even disgust.

"I have come from your daughter, Mr. Swindover," he said.

The millionaire's face was stone to behold. It seemed to be turned into glass, wearing the horrible expression of hatred that was now almost habitual to it. For all his visible and hideous struggles to speak, he could not utter a sound.

The silence grew intolerable.

"I have come with a message from your daughter," repeated Dick, loudly.

Then a great jaw dropped into open-mouthed amazement.

(Continued on page 13.)



"Hello! Still going strong"

Established in the reign of King George II

When you see a new food advertised, you try it out of curiosity. You're experimenting. When you buy Fry's Cocoa you are upholding the judgment of several generations of Englishmen and English women, who lived through the most strenuous times of our island history. Before Wellington won Waterloo, before Nelson gained for us the freedom of the seas,

Fry's COCOAS & CHOCOLATES

were used in English homes. There's no experimenting with Fry's. It's as good now as it was then.



GOLD CURB BRACELET 27/-
with 9ct. Hall-marked Padlock. CASH.
Or 30/- on Easy Payments, same terms as 30/- Ring.
Any similar working engraved on Ring 1/6 extra. Ring 1st free. Est. 1869.

MASTERS, Ltd., 75, Hope Stores, Rye, Eng.

"SUNDAY COMPANION" says of MASTERS.
"Better value we have never seen."

Patd. by Royalty in 1901

X CADBURY'S COCOA X

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Births Registered for the 4th Quarter of 1902 were 289,361.
 " " " " 1903 " 286,459.
 " " " " 1904 " 284,520.

Note the serious decrease.

A £5,000 Prize for a Shilling and your Good-will.

GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS, PLEASE REMEMBER!
 Also other Prizes amounting to a further £5,000.

CASH PRIZES - - - - **£10,000 in all,**
 AS PER THE CONDITIONS.

WE SAY CASH, AND WE MEAN CASH. - WE PAY CASH FOR EVERY AWARD, NOT JEWELLERY OR
 OTHER GOODS OF DUBIOUS VALUE, IN THE

Grand National Baby Competition

ANYONE CAN COMPETE, MARRIED OR SINGLE.

This golden opportunity is yours, and its possibility is easily explained. We sell works of art in the form of picture postcards, and the winners of this unique skill competition secure a share of the profits. These profits are gained by the economy of large production rendered possible by the enormous sales resulting from this competition.

WHAT DO WE OFFER? A FIRST GRAND PRIZE OF £5,000, IN CASH, to the person who (subject to the conditions of the Competition) most accurately estimates the number of male and female births registered in the United Kingdom during a certain three months this year.

The figures at the top of this advertisement represent the births registered in the United Kingdom during the final quarters of the last three years.

We send all Competitors the recent returns of births registered, and all details to enable them to make their calculation. It is fairly easy, but, of course, not quite so easy as it looks.

We also offer **3,404 OTHER CASH PRIZES** in addition to the

First Grand Prize - £5,000

A Second Grand Prize	500
A Third " "	250
A Fourth " "	100
A Fifth " "	50
50 Consolation Prizes of £5 each	250
500 " "	£2	"	1,000
2,850 " "	£1	"	2,850
			£10,000

We thus offer, subject to the conditions, **A GRAND TOTAL OF 3,405 CASH PRIZES, VALUE £10,000.**

How to Compete for the Prizes.

You send to us One Shilling (Postal Order or Stamps), by return we send to you a parcel containing

Twelve Highly Artistic Picture Postcards,

beautifully Printed or Hand-painted in Colours or Photogravure designed by Artists of the greatest repute, and selected from the choicest collections of the leading British and Continental manufacturers, comprising Portraits of Charming Actresses, Social and Political Celebrities, Art Studies, Land and Sea Views, Humorous

Studies by Phil May, Tom Browne, Hassall, C. Dana Gibson, and thousands of other attractive and tasteful subjects, the whole forming

An Incomparable Collection.

Thus, for your Shilling, you get a genuine Shilling's worth of value straight away.

We also enclose the necessary Competition Cards.

What next?

By filling up your Competition Card with your estimate you are qualified to win any of the Consolation Prizes.

But to qualify for the Five Grand Prizes, including the First Prize of £5,000, you must get two other persons to fill up two extra Competition Cards, which we shall send you. It is only right you should do a little work if you want to earn £5,000. If it is too much trouble to talk about the Competition to two friends, by sending Three Shillings yourself, you will be eligible for all the Prizes, including the £5,000 Grand Prize, and be entitled to send in three Estimates.

A Very Important Point.

The Competition will close before anyone can possibly know the official figures of the birth rate; upon which the Prizes will be awarded as per conditions; all the Competition Cards will be lodged in one of the strong rooms of the Chancery-lane Deposit Co., prior to the publication of the Registrar-General's returns; there can be no suspicion therefore of any collusion upon the part of the Publishers' Officials.

A Further Final Proof.

We shall not be personally concerned in any way, nor take any part in the Award of Prizes. The Competition Cards will be delivered only to the firm of **CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS** appointed to act as Judges, who, after a careful inspection, will place them strictly in order of merit and award the Prizes.

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The full Rules and Conditions of the Competition will be sent to all competitors,
 and it is solely on these conditions that the Prizes will be awarded.

THE BRITISH AND CONTINENTAL ART PUBLISHERS,
 17, 18 & 62, GREAT SUTTON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

THE POINTED CORSAGE A FEATURE OF WINTER MODES.

BEAUTY IN OCTOBER.

THE MOST SOOTHING GARGLE FOR A SORE THROAT.

"Continuing our discussion concerning beauty baths reminds me to ask you to give us a formula for lavender sachets," said Belinda. "I want to use it as a preventive of moths to put in my fur drawer, and to perfume the furs pleasantly."

Sachet Powder in Millers' Sacks.

"A satisfactory and easy way to make lavender sachets is to procure one pound of lavender flowers and mix them with one ounce each of cloves, caraway seeds, nutmeg, mace, and Tonicum beans. Grind one ounce of salt to a powder, mix all well together, and enclose the result in pretty little silk bags, tied up like millers' sacks."

Julia brought out a letter from her pocket.

"October seems to be the month when all sorts of ailments begin," she said reflectively. "Maud Jemmy has written to me to ask if you can tell her how to make extract of malt and cod-liver oil, as she has been ordered to take it for strengthening her constitution."

A Good Gargle for Sore Throats.

"I can tell her how to mix the two together," said Mrs. Templar. "Take six ounces of extract of malt and place it in a gallon. To this add two ounces of fresh cod-liver oil, pouring this thinly into the pot and at the same time stirring the whole briskly. This should be stored in wide-mouthed bottles and kept cool. It is an excellent preparation to take in the autumn."

"And could you prescribe me something to soothe a sore throat?" asked Julia. "I want a remedy that is fairly agreeable to take."

"One of the most soothing and efficacious of gargles for a sore throat is made by putting a heaping tablespoonful of powdered borax into a half tumblerful of strained honey," replied Mrs. Templar. "Whip this to a cream and then thin it with water to a proper consistency. Use this as a gargle two or three times a day."

To Keep the Hair in Curl.

"My question has nothing to do with ailments," suddenly interposed Belinda. "But autumnal weather always brings the sad fact very forcibly to my mind that the hair is apt to get very straight and lank. One of my friends, too, asked me the other day for a hair-curling liquid."

"She might try the following preparation," said Mrs. Templar. "Take two ounces of borax, one drachm of gum arabic, and one quart of boiling water. Stir it, and as soon as the ingredients are dissolved add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. Those who put their hair in curlers at night should first damp it with this liquid, and then curl it as usual."

Belinda looked reflectively.

"While we are on the subject of toilet preparations, will you tell me if it is true that common salt is good for the skin?" she asked.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Templar. "But if you make a lotion of equal parts of boiled water and rose-water, and add to it a small quantity of salt, you will find that this greatly refreshes the face, neck, and arms, and suits some skins splendidly."

(To be continued.)



No. 197.—The new corsage. Flat paper-pattern, 6d.; or tacked up, including flat, 1s. 6d. Apply to The Managers, the "Daily Mirror" Carmelite Paper Pattern Department, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

THE TIGHT CORSAGE.

A NEW MODE, AND THE PATTERN THEREOF.

The pointed corsage that fits the figure closely is a feature of the earliest winter modes. Seven yards of double width cloth will be required to cut

the whole costume shown in the picture on this page; but it must be remembered that only the pattern of the corsage is offered.

One and three-quarter yards of material will be required to cut the corsage. The pattern is modelled to fit a 24in. waist only, and as the bodice must be made on a tight-fitting lining one is included in the pattern of the bodice, and the vest is also included.

the search must proceed. There's been enough good money wasted on this game. You've cost me more than enough, you and your cursed blue blood!"

With another suppressed roar, suggestive more of the bull-ringing than of anything else, he tried, with bent head, to dash past the young man, but Dick caught his arm, and said, in a voice of measured and deadly coldness:—

"Listen to me, instead of raving, Mr. Swindover. Your daughter has been found by me, but she must not be found by the world."

"Must not be found!" shrieked Swindover. "Your daughter sent for me to tell me that she is not my wife."

The great arm was raised blindly to strike, but the young man was an athlete, and he caught it in mid-air, and, with a dexterous little twist, brought the huge frame into subjection.

"Listen!" he said, with cold impatience. "Don't behave like a madman. Your daughter is the wife of the Grand Duke of Mirmont-Sondershausen."

"The Grand Duke," Dick went on, "married your daughter morganatically more than a year ago."

Swindover caught at the one word that undid all the rest. Gradually, very gradually, his face resumed its normal aspect; the colour came back to it, the angry glare into his eyes.

"Morganatic!" he cried, half-choking with rage. "You mean that she has let herself in for one of those left-handed affairs that won't bear the light of day? She shall come back. I say she shall."

"You cannot compel her to," said Dick. "And it is her urgent desire that this thing be kept from the world. It must not be dragged into publicity. The Grand Duke was only married the other day."

"Married! He has another wife," shouted Swindover, with a glimmering memory of the stern religion of his race. "And she is living with him—

with a man who has two wives! And you dare to tell me this, you who married her yourself!"

"I did not marry her, Mr. Swindover. She was already a wife."

"Then she committed bigamy, and I'll have the law on her, or I'll shut her up in a lunatic asylum. She has dared to cheat me and to defy me, has she? Well, she shall see what her father is made of!"

"Hush! Hush!" said Dick. "You must not talk like that. There is nothing that you can do. You would bring a hornet's nest about your ears if you attempted to make this public. For reasons of her own, your daughter prefers not to take up the position that is rightfully hers. But she has done no wrong. You do not understand. The Grand Duke has a perfect right to marry a morganatic wife; it is a perfectly legal ceremony. He has given your daughter a title—she is the Countess of Ludwigsburg. Her children, if she has any, will bear that title, too."

Swindover was silent. He appeared to be deep in thought. Suddenly he lifted his head and stood up. The old flare of power was in his eyes. His manner had regained its normal boisterous aggressiveness.

"Then, what in the name of thunder did she marry you for?" he cried.

"It was an act of quixotism," replied Dick. "Your daughter consented to give me back Balliol Castle before she disappeared."

Swindover's fat laugh rang with hideous mockery through the room.

"Quixotism! Quixotism, you call it? Easy enough, ain't it, to be quixotic with other people's money and other people's belongings. I've been robbed, that's what I've been—and robbed by my own daughter."

"I am sending back the title deeds of Balliol Castle to you," said Dick stiffly. "I shall send them back to-night."

(To be continued.)

Memory! The Money-Maker

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ANALYSIS: Pure Cocoa 6.5% protein. Plasmon Cocoa 6.5% protein. Promotes refreshing Sleep. In Tins, 6d., 1s. and 2s.

ALL THAT A MAN HATH.

(Continued from page 10.)

"My daughter!" he muttered thickly. "My daughter!"

"Yes. She is well and safe."

Then Swindover sprang to his feet. A terrible sound came from between his lips, like the roar of a maddened bull.

"She is well and safe!" he cried, hurling a string of epithets into Dick's grimly-locked face. "Why didn't you say so before? Why did you stand there gaping at me, you drivelling idiot? Didn't I tell you that fool of a detective's just been here? Run after him at once! Stop him! I've given him a cheque for fifty thousand. It's what his initial expenses were to cost for a simultaneous search of the whole of Europe. Run after him, I say! D'you think I want to throw my good money away after that worthless baggage, who's been playing this hell's trick on me all this time? Can't you move, you fool? Well, then, I will—"

Dick stepped quietly in front of the door. "You must not call back the detective, Mr. Swindover," he said. "The search must proceed."

"The search must proceed!" panted the millionaire. "Then I've just told me that you know where the girl is! Are you a raving lunatic, or do you think I am? Fifty thousand pounds, I tell you! It's like your blooming cheque, a beggar like you, who lives on my charity, to calmly tell me

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"Sir John raised his riding crop suddenly and struck at Ralph with all his might."—A forthcoming incident in Silas K. Hocking's Great New Story, "The Squire's Daughter."

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"She took the gate a moment too soon. There was a sharp crack of splintered wood."